

# Last Love is First Love for Miss Frederick

A POET has told us that whom we first love we seldom wed. Poets are learned in the ways of hearts and love. They are the oracles in the temples of sentiment. We read them and we believe them. But even the poets will be glad to learn of an exception to their rule of romance.

The more commonplace among us will be glad, too, to know of an instance of a woman who has wed her first love. Both poets and we on the more conventional plane of life will be the more interested to discover that the exemplar of this rare experience is one of the most beautiful women in America, one who was the winner in a competition for the title of the most popular actress in the United States.

Pauline Frederick has wed her first love. In the quaint town in southern California, Santa Ana, she was crowned with a chaplet which every woman would wear. She was led to the altar by a man who had loved and waited for her more than twenty years.

Consider that, maid or wife or widow who reads this!

They who were babes when he met "the woman" have grown to the dignity of beards and barbers and ballots while he kept on loving her. He loved, though his love seemed hopeless. For she became famous, but his love grew no less. She married another, but he cherished that love in the silent chambers of his heart. She severed those first bonds and took on others for the second time. The man who waited buried his love deeper in his heart, but silence did not smother it.

## She Wept When She Knew

### Of His Lifelong Wait

Then shortly before St. Valentine's Day, by what seemed an accident, if there are any accidents in the subtle, inscrutable game of love, they met. It was in that State that has made so many matches, California. And within a week the man who had waited was rewarded for his twenty-one years of faithfulness.

The woman for whom he had kept his long vigil alone looked at her true knight, first with eyes of unbelief, then through a veiling mist. He had reached and passed that which has been called the Mount Pisgah of existence—forty-five years. He was undeniably a middle aged man. But he had loved her for half a lifetime.

Was there such quality of stanchness in all this changeable world? There was. He had proved it. The awkward Boston youth of more than a score of years ago lived still in that strong, controlled, smiling man, and both were faithful to her in a world that it seemed to her was peopled with great and small infidelities.

The woman wept a little, as any woman would have done, if only in her heart, and said: "Yes, I will marry you."

Dr. C. A. Rutherford of Seattle, once of Boston, won her for his wife by waiting. The wait established a new record in the annals of love. This modern physician had waited longer than did that model of constancy, Jacob.

They were Beatrice Libby and Charlie Rutherford twenty-one years ago when they met in Boston. She was studying vocal music, with grand opera as her goal. He was a medical student at Harvard. He meant to serve humanity as great surgeons do by winning the battle with disease. It was a long, upward journey for both. The road of their ambition stretched far before them.

Then the impertinent interloper, Cupid, crossed their path. He challenged them. He importuned them. He played all the arts known to his tricky, tiny self. He won and lost. He won the heart of the youth, for the medical student was for an instant marriage and grappling with the problems of existence together. But the maid, calm, cool, Galatea like, hesitated, postponed, counseled waiting for a turn in the tide of their affairs.

The boy waited as boy lovers must unless they are cavemen. He was no Lochinvar with an address somewhere west of the Mississippi. He was a Bostonian with his way to make—the long, weary way of the doctor without patients.

## How Her Debut Raised Her Above His Schoolboy Place

In the pleasant social circle in which both moved, an intellectual set leavened by its love of beauty as manifested in arts and letters, the youth and maid were on a common plane. But that night when she made her professional debut in a group of songs at the Boston Music Hall he felt that she was far removed from him. Even though he had bought a seat in the front row he viewed her as a goddess, with worshipful eyes. For he was still a student. How she must despise him as a mere schoolboy! Already she displayed the dignity of a prima donna.

It was a sad wrench when, aided and abetted by her ambitious mother, she set

Miss Pauline Frederick said to be the most beautiful star of stage and screen.



Two other characteristic pictures of Miss Frederick. Note the suggestion of wistfulness with which she has always sought the right man. The lower photograph shows her talking to Dr. C. A. Rutherford, the childhood sweetheart, who finally won her.



forth for that Mecca of the ambitious, New York. He went to the station with them. He helped the porter bestow the bags in the racks and at their feet, at the cry of "All aboard!" pressed the hand of each, holding that of the girl a little longer, and smiled and said "Good luck."

Smiled.

But David Warfield has said and shown that there are smiles that are far sadder than tears. The girl remembered young Rutherford's smile for a long time. It was a disquieting smile. It caused her to choke a little and to see the objects fly past the speeding train in a dance of grayraiths instead of a flood of sunshine as did her practical mother.

Arrived in New York, Miss Frederick presented a letter of introduction from her uncle to Wilbur Bates, his classmate. Mr. Bates was a theatrical man. He arranged an engagement for her in a play the title of which caused her tiny qualms of homesickness, "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard." The boy received a few letters from her, telling him of the engagement, then of being made Queen Titania in "The Princess of Kensington."

## Letters Growing Fewer

### As Success Is Attained

"I haven't much to do but walk about and look as well as I can," she wrote. Which was very well indeed, as those who saw her in her glistening white robes, her crown, her wand of the fairy ruler, recall. The letters grew fewer after that. "Of course she's very busy," said the medical student, covering his loneliness and misgivings with a smile. Soon he had to learn from the newspapers what she was doing. She appeared in "It Happened in Nordland." She forsook musical comedy for the drama and followed Julia Dean in "The Little Gray Lady." The year he was graduated from the medical school she was Francis Wilson's leading woman.

"And I just ready to hang out my shingle." His smile held some bitterness now. "And no expectation of it being noticed except by the wind that shakes it." They were far apart indeed, for he heard only of her, never from her. He saw her only in the photographs which the newspapers published of her. She was growing more beautiful as she was growing more famous. He used to search the lovely features for some sign of the old smile of playful recognition, but the picture never smiled back. He clipped it from the newspaper, placed it with the other clippings about her in his desk, and sighed.

Then appeared newspaper items that caused him to sigh the more. They dwelt upon Miss Frederick's beauty and power of enchantment. A young English actor, Thomas Thorne, playing in the same com-

pany with her in Chicago, became despondent because his love for her was unrequited. He killed himself, but left no word why.

"Shortly after this" it was rumored that Miss Frederick was leaving the stage. The voice of ambition had become pianissimo and that of Cupid forte. She would leave the stage and lead a life of happy obscurity in the domestic circle. Her fiancé was Frank Andrews, a wealthy architect and club man of New York.

The marriage took place. Miss Frederick's determination seemed genuine. Those who know her best said there was not the slightest doubt about it. Marriage would be her vocation, society her avocation. The marriage entrenched her position in the smart circle which she had already entered. Mr. and Mrs. Andrews went weekly to the opera, where her beauty glowed gemlike in a setting of gems. "Who is that goddess in marble festooned in diamonds?" asked Paul Hellen, the French etcher here in search of America's loveliest women as subjects for his pen point.

Society admired her beauty as fervently as audiences had done. With Ethel Barrymore and the former Eleanor Robson, now Mrs. August Belmont, she was recognized as a stroller who had captivated the leisure world.

Mrs. Frank Andrews seemed a happy woman. She professed that she felt no

While Her Schoolday Admirer Patiently Waited for the Beautiful Star, She Tried Other Husbands and Listened to Other Wooers, All of Whom, One by One, Passed Tragically Out of Her Life Until, at Last, She Turned Back to Her First Romance

regret for the stage. She enjoyed the administration of her home. It was a pleasure, she said, to invade her own kitchen, a privilege that she reserved against the dictates of all cooks.

She is trustful and romantic," said her friends.

Her interrupted career advanced toward heights of recognition and prosperity and neared its peak when she played Potiphar's Wife in "Joseph and His Brethren" at the Century Theater, termed the Millionaires' Theater. Her beauty caused the new millionaires in the motion picture world to offer her profitable contracts. She became a cinema star. In the world of the silver film she met Willard Mack. He had written a photodrama in which she was the star. At once they formed a friendly working comradeship. Miss Frederick showed sisterly sympathy in the playwright's uneven health and his financial vicissitudes. Within a year Dr. Rutherford read in the morning newspaper rumors of Miss Frederick's probable engagement to the

which rivaled in importance to sightseers the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, housed fame and growing wealth, but not harmony. From it issued stories of serious differences. The stories multiplied. Ensued separation. Separation was followed in a few months by divorce.

## Possibility of Remarriage

### Again Worries Physician

But the anxieties of the patient man in Seattle were not over. Again rumor raised its disquieting head. Miss Frederick had come to New York. During one of Mr. Mack's frequent illnesses she had called upon him at the Presbyterian Hospital. Many recalled another poet, he who said of woman:

"When pain and anguish wring the brow A ministering angel thou."

The offices of pity as a reawakener of love were recalled. Would the Macks be reconciled? Might they remarry?

The playwright's hopes seemed to be to that end. He escorted the star and former wife to the Pennsylvania Station and there was an affectionate leave taking when she departed for Los Angeles. Mr. Mack openly expressed his hopes that his period of probation might result in a second marriage to the woman he said he still loved.

But Mr. Mack's recovery was not permanent. Illness and outbreaks of temperance recurred. After a cowboy scene played in the public park at New Rochelle, to the surprise and edification of the sedate townsfolk, he took train for Calgary to visit his parents on their Canadian ranch. When his health was at least in part restored he returned to Los Angeles.

The announcement of his marriage there to Mrs. Stone ended surmises of his nuptials with Miss Frederick. Upon learning of this, Willard Mack's fourth marriage, the quiet physician in Seattle resolved upon action. Leaving his office in charge of an assistant he took the fastest train on the coast for Los Angeles.

On the train he wrote Miss Frederick. The letter was reminiscent and prophetic. At all events it brought a blush to the cheek that had paled from too close concentration upon the blue light of the studio. She replied to the note: "I will drive from my studio and have tea with you in the gardens of your hotel."

## How They Met Again

### After Score of Long Years

He met her in the lobby of the hotel. Spectators saw a man of dignity and middle age meet and grasp the hand of the famous beauty. They saw her smile and watched them pass out into the sunshine and the garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gardner (Louise Dresser), sipping their tea at the next table, nodded at Miss Frederick. Half an hour later Miss Frederick said:

"Won't you take a spin with us to Santa Ana?"

"Love to," replied Miss Dresser.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner occupied a back seat. They noticed that Miss Frederick was in deep and apparently happy communion with the old friend to whom she had introduced them. But though citizens of that State of amazement, California, they were surprised when the car stopped before the court house and Miss Frederick, flashing them a smile, said:

"We are going to get a marriage license. Will you be witnesses to our marriage?"

The license was secured. The marriage took place at the parsonage of the First Christian Church, the Rev. C. F. Porter officiating. The ceremony over, they feasted democratically from sandwich plates at an outdoor stand on the street corner and dashed back to Beverly Hills.

Miss Frederick, now Mrs. Rutherford, told them that there would be no wedding journey, at least not just now, she said. "for I am in the middle of a picture at the studio."

When the women kissed each other good-bye there were tears in the eyes of each.

"Don't worry, Louise," said the bride. "This marriage will be happy and it will last. Think how long he has waited!"

She continued her work in the studio. Dr. Rutherford has closed his office in Seattle and will practice in Los Angeles.

The friends of each are saying: "There will be no repentance of this match because there has been no haste. Fancy a man waiting over twenty years!"

"My mother is of New England and so am I. I am glad she trained me in the household arts. I hope I have what the folk of New England call 'faculty,'" she said.

Photographs of her engaged in cooking and sweeping are preserved by her intimates. They are labelled "Polly in her domestic period."

## Returned to the Stage

### After Three Years at Home

This domesticity endured for three years. To the surprise of all her circle she returned to the stage. She rejoined her player world with Madame Simone when the French star came to this country. Followed news that she had filed suit for divorce against the architect. A decree was accorded her. A veil of silence was drawn about this unhappy episode by the actress herself. Her former husband declined to discuss it.

"It was a bitter disillusionment for Polly.

He glanced at his sign outside his office, now winning other attention than that of the wind. He opened the door of his waiting room filled with patients. Silently he took counsel with courage. He spoke those words which many men have addressed to themselves: "Thank heaven for the consolation of work."

At that moment he found solace in Bourke Cockran's definition: "Happiness is complete absorption in some effective form of work."

He read at last of Miss Frederick's marriage to the actor-playwright. He took further refuge from his loss and his sorrow in work, and as is the way of work it rewarded him with success. In his new field in Seattle he prospered.

It was a friend who told him that in the Mack ménage, where once had been concord, was now discord. The home that Miss Frederick had built in Beverly Hills,